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these hitherto only half-imagined glories of our genial master. First there are the study heads and figures—children, peasant-girls, and models—such as all young artists bring home as trophies of their Paris life and work. Here are some of the sweetest pictures of children ever painted—the tenderest and most sympathetic insight into child-nature, the most loving, lingering finish in handling, the most sumptuous yet subtly harmonized color and tones. The rich tone and colors of Diaz, the fond, solicitous labor of Millet over expression, combine to load some of these canvases thick with sweetness as of honey in the comb. There are half a dozen set down simply as "Head of a Girl" or "Head," painted in this old mellow nimbus of tone, that might take their places on the same wall with Velasquez heads. One child, with a duskily soft but prim white cap on her head, has a quiver to her upper lip seen in profile that can never be forgotten. Another has the straightforward frank gaze of innocence that penetrates to the heart. The one is in a golden haze, the other in a Rembrandt shadow. Every picture strikes its own chord of color, based on the dominant tone given by its most attractive incident, whether this be a pale, tender cheek, a tress of golden hair, or a pair of brown eyes. The ideal heads of women are in the same fashion significantly and poetically treated, each in its appropriate strain of tone and handling. Each is a song, a poem, a piece of music, a novelette—what you will that is distinct, direct, and delightful in the telling of its story to the heart. A "Head in a Brown Hat," a long, thin, smiling girlish face, the chin resting in a natural, careless way upon a long, thin hand hanging beneath it, is so sweet in its consistency and its instantly recognizable feminine temperament that "the sense aches at it." Fifty different phases and styles of femininity are painted in these studies, but each with its own new background and tone of accessories in keeping, and each in seemingly the only way. All are fully charged with color and broadly painted after the central characterizing effect has been surely made.

In the portraits of persons we know here Hunt's secret is still more plainly told. He seized upon the most characteristic trait of face and mind, and passionately bent, shaped, and persuaded everything else to illustrate and emphasize it. Oftentimes he thus idealized a likeness away, and men saw themselves grow under his enthusiasm into what they ought to be rather than what they precisely were. I have heard it said that he once took delight in painting a sitter, whose penuriousness disgusted him, "awful mean." He shows plainly in one or two of the portraits even in this collection that when he saw nothing interesting in a subject he would paint as uninterestingly as anybody. It is these portraits that are the most faultless in technical execution. Upon such a subject he would work as do the painters by trade, manufactured by shoals in Paris and Munich and every academy in Europe. Let him have the simple work of representing something before him and he would be as mechanically perfect as the average mediocre portrait painter. But there are a dozen or more portraits here in which Hunt was stirred to his depths and brought forth some of his greatest distinctive quality. I am not going to mention the famous full-length portrait of Chief-Justice Shaw, a rugged old gentleman in enormously wrinkled trousers, who is plainly every inch a judge, for that has been much bewritten as Hunt's highest achievement, nor his almost equally well-known head of Abraham Lincoln, rich and strong in rough, unconscious pathos and depth of character, notwithstanding the most unsymmetrical of faces and heads. I have been struck rather with two or three portraits out of private life. One is a portrait of a happy, well-bred, well-educated, well-nurtured, middle-aged Croesus, a man in active business life, but not merely a money-maker. Hunt has painted him in the most gorgeous tones of golden background and "dregs-of-wine" velvet lounging-jacket, revelling in all the color of the Venetians to set forth this fortunate subject as it deserves, and limning his handsome features through an aureole of color reflected from the velvet. Another is a portrait of a matron who is all maternity, holding up her baby on her ample breast; the breadth is boldly suggested through the lines of the back turned toward the spectator. Another is of a wife in all chaste and wifely dignity, in black dress with a white veil of voluminous fold and length descending from the top

of her head down her figure before and behind—a singular but most graceful and expressive composition.

But the landscapes! I have left no space to speak of the marvels of Hunt's infinite variety in catching impressions of the face of nature. The light that glints and gleams across "Gloucester Harbor" in a bright morning, the steady pour of jocund sunlight on the whitewashed and brick walls of the "Mill on Charles River," the rosy mist on the "St. John River," are effects that have rarely been attempted and never excelled in poetic interpretation of nature with color and canvas.

GRETA.

ART IN SAN FRANCISCO.

HISTORY OF THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN—PROMISING PUPILS—NEW PICTURES.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1879.

IN an article on "Schools of Art and Design," which appeared in THE ART AMATEUR for October, the School of Design in this city is included in the list; it may therefore be of interest to give a short account of its purpose and history so far, which unfortunately cannot be the record of a growing influence. The San Francisco Art Association, organized in March, 1871, had for its object the general encouragement of the fine arts, presumably to be attained by a semi-annual exhibition of paintings at the rooms of the association, and particularly the establishment of an academy and school of design, which was accomplished successfully in 1873. Since that time, although the number of students and the general receipts have fallen off, it has been a persistent nucleus of art work, and the centre of the best art training to be secured in San Francisco. The school is under the control of a standing committee of the Art Association, a majority of which are professional artists; but it is practically entirely managed by Virgil Williams, who has been its Director from the beginning. Until this present term he was ably assisted by R. D. Yelland, Assistant Director, who had special charge of the landscape class. In the summer Mr. Yelland resigned his position at the school, there not being work enough for two directors.

The scholastic year is divided into three sessions, beginning respectively in January, May, and September, with a month's vacation after each term. The daily hours of study are from 9 A.M. until 4 P.M. for those who attend the regular course, the terms being ten dollars a month. There are special classes for the convenience of persons not wishing to take the four years' course, but only regular pupils can compete for the prizes awarded at the end of each third term. Great stress is laid on accurate drawing, and several graduates of the school, who have since gone abroad to continue their studies, have been highly commended by their foreign masters for the thorough manner of their work in black and white. The first prize in drawing is awarded to that pupil, out of ten selected by the Director as most promising, who shall accomplish the best full length study from cast, all drawing the same subject, of the same size. At present there are forty-seven students attending this the third term for 1879. It is understood, though not officially, that Mr. Williams will tender his resignation at the end of the year, when it will not be an easy task for the gentlemen on whom the duty will devolve to select a suitable person to fill the vacancy, or, having chosen, to prevail upon their choice to accept the Directorship of an institution which, apparently through no fault of organization, is slowly losing the patronage of the artistic portion of a not too artistic community. San Francisco owes a debt of gratitude to the School of Design, if for no other reason than because at a time when but slight interest was taken in art education, it has given to some scores of young men and women an excellent training in what is indispensable to all good art work, decorative or otherwise—accurate drawing. That the School of Design could be made much more useful and also popular by certain changes in its curriculum, there is no question, and we hope sooner or later to see it reorganized somewhat on the plan of the School of Design in Cincinnati, some of whose pupils have already made a national reputation in branches of art not at all attempted or understood in San Fran-

cisco, namely, the higher class of wood carving, and Miss McLaughlin's faience.

Among the most promising graduates of our school should be mentioned two young ladies—Miss Matilda Lotz and Miss E. Strong. Miss Lotz, whose ambition follows the path of animal painting, after doing some good work has gone to Paris to study under Von Marché, and a letter from there of very recent date, written by a fellow artist, speaks of her progress in terms of approbation. Miss Strong has also selected animals as her line of work. She has a wonderful eye for color, and has lately painted, as an order, a tan Scotch terrier against a crimson background. Her drawing is good, and her animals have an individuality and intelligence which do not surprise us in a painting of Landseer, but which we are not accustomed to perceive in ordinary work by ordinary artists. San Francisco is already proud of Miss Strong. We believe that her name will yet be known and her pictures purchased away from her native State. Her latest work is the head of a most deliciously impudent Skye terrier, belonging to John F. Swift. She has also very recently painted a dead squirrel on a panel, for Frank Pixley, intended as a decoration for a sideboard.

"Hard times" and political excitement have not been encouraging for artists, but we have seen a number of suggestive sketches, and some good finished work is ready for the wished-for purchaser. Thomas Hill has just finished a "Moonlight View in Yo Semite Valley," an immense stride forward from his last work, a "View in Upper Yo Semite Valley." It is genuine California moonshine, hallowing the grandeur of this superb valley. R. D. Yelland rarely wanders away from this coast, but he has now on view at Morris & Kennedy's an "October in the Adirondack Mountains." At this same gallery is a picture by Jules Tavernier called "The Pioneer." It was painted and sold by him some two years ago, and the widow of the owner now offers it for sale again. It has been much admired—more highly praised than much better works by the same artist. It represents the interior of a miner's cabin, with all the evidences of the discomfort and confusion supposed to be inseparable from a man's hut in the Sierras. The master of this primitive shed of the days of '49 is lying in bed, evidently convalescent after a severe illness; he is reading a letter from home, and does not require the old-fashioned daguerreotype on the wall to remind him of a loved one far away; the faithful dog, man's true friend, is by the side of the cot, gazing wistfully into his master's face; the light of the setting sun comes through the cracks and under the door, touching softly the gray blanket and red shirt of the "Pioneer."

Miss Eliza Williams has at last, it appears, realized that her beautiful flowers would be improved by an appropriate background, and she has just finished a study of lovely morning glories climbing up the stump of a tree.

E. Wood Perry is at work on a portrait of a lady with a wealth of hair, uncoiled and covering her almost as a garment; an elaborately flounced muslin dress completes the toilette, however. The background is the lady's own drawing-room. Schab & Breeze have on exhibition at their new art gallery some pictures in black and white oils by an Australian artist, Alma Woodleigh, who made a flying visit to California last month. The effect of these paintings is that of photographs touched up by Indian ink, and it is only by a close inspection that one discovers that they are really painted on canvas in oils.

YERBA BUENA.

THE PROVIDENCE SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

ITS EARLIEST BEGINNING—A FRESH START—MR. BARRY'S WORK—ART NEEDS OF PROVIDENCE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I. October 15, 1879.

THERE is a legend, related to me by a veteran artist, that once on a time, years ago, the venerable walls of Brown University listened with good-natured patience to all that certain learned gentlemen had to say about art and about associating to promote it; that the benevolent Marshall Woods in his enthusiasm gave a liberal sum of money and the use of a well-lighted room in his building; and that casts were purchased and treasures gathered. All that I know of this is from hearsay; but I believe that an organ-